Ashtabula Telegraph.

JAMES REED & SON, Prop'rs,

ASHTABULA, OHIO.

IN A HAYFIELD.

Before the mower's sweeping scythe
The dewy grasses bend and fall;
A group of children, gay and blithe,
Amid the hay keep carnival;
While rising high in azure sky,
The morning sun shines lovingly.

The flowers and grasses slowly fade,
And o'er their wreaths the children sigh;
A maiden sees in ev'ry blade
Emblems of hopes but born to die;
Yet in the sky, still rising high,
The golden sun shines lovingly.

The mower works with haggard eyes,
For bitter grief is in his breast;
A lark flies up with startled cries—
The scythe has swept away her nest;
Yet, risen high in deep blue sky,
The sun still shines on lovingly.

From ivied church the mourners go
(The sun is sinking in the west);
The mower Death has laid one low,
With fading flowers to be at rest;
Yet in the sky, 'mid smile and sigh,
The sun shines ever lovingly.
—*Cassell's Magazine.*

THE BIG BOOTS.

The ruins of that old country school-house yet remain, a deformity by the roadside.

It had brick walls, and these are not entirely gone. A portion of the chimney, too, is still to be seen; while old foundation-stones, and bits of lath, and broken layers of mortar make the place desolate and forbidding. The wet, spongy farm-lot, in the rear, is no handsomer, nor the rude highway more attractive than was the case forty years ago.

It would seem as if country school-houses, like country grave-yards, were once begrudged the room required for them, and hence pushed into the most uninviting places.

Even now, in sleep, I sometimes dream of my school-days there, and of the little boy with the big boots—the sorrowful little boy, whom none of us knew enough to make happy. Boys are not really more cruel than men, but their well of kindness lies deep, and they leap over it and run around it without knowing how clear and sparkling its waters would be if drawn up.

I was a lad of eleven, the first and only winter of my attendance there. I am now more than fifty; and, in the review, that single winter seems as long to me as a dozen years. The incidents of youth have a consistency like that of pure gold, and the mind afterwards beats them out, so that they cover a very broad surface.

Mr. Tanner, the master, I would know in a moment, were he to rise up before me now; and the fresh-looking girl at the desk in the corner; and the blue-eyed country beauty, whose seat was by the window; and the freckled boys, and boys with tow hair; the big boys on the back seat, and the little boys on the front bench by the stove; I would recognize them every one, could some psychological wonder bring them back to me again, with the looks that they have long since shed, atom by atom, on the road of life.

There was one little fellow about my own age, whom, on my first day at school, I remarked as having a thoughtful and somewhat troubled face, and to be poorly dressed.

It was a cold day in November, and, at recess, some of the boys put on their overcoats. One of them, who had a very handsome garment of the kind, on taking it down from its nail in the entry, observed beside it an old faded coat, belonging to some one else. This he rudely grasped, and, with a jeering, cruel air, and derisive whoop, exclaimed—

"What rag is this?"

At the same time he threw it across the small entry and out upon the stone steps.

Another kicked it as it fell; while a third caught it up and ran with it, as if it were a kite or a banner. Presently, however, it was dropped, and, as the boys became somewhat scattered, I saw the little fellow of the reflective face hastily pick up the despised article and return it to the place where it had hung. As he turned away, his countenance was flushed, and he drew the back of his hand across his somewhat handsome eyes.

It was his coat, this was plain; and all my enjoyment of the recess was spoiled; for I thought how he must feel to be jeered at and insulted for what he could not help, and what had no doubt caused him much anxiety and mortification, even before any one had made it a subject of ridicule.

He did not put on the coat at that time, though he had worn it in the morning; but when the day was over, and all the children were making ready for home, as the bitter wind whistled past the door, he once more buttoned it around him; and I was glad to find that nothing was said, although some of the boys looked curiously at his threadbare attire, as if wondering how he could wear such clothes on the very first day of school. But I now observed that he had ill-fitting boots, much too large for his feet; and, although the coat escaped attack for the time, the boots did not.

"Boots! boots!" "What is the price of old leather?" "Who wants to take a sail in a mudscow?" were some of the unfeeling ejaculations that he was compelled to hear, as he started out upon the road with the others, who, after the manner of rude school-boys, sauntered or ran along, pushing each other into ditches, or throwing pebbles at gate-posts and trees.

The following day was still colder, and the boy came wrapped in his poor overcoat; but this had now ceased to attract particular attention; the big boots, which really made a remarkable appearance upon feet so small, becoming the butt instead.

They made a louder sound on the school-house floor than the boots of any other boy; and the sensitive heart of young Master Robert Brown (for this was the lad's name) told him so. There were enough others to tell him so, too. Oh, the cruelty of those sarcastic smiles and impudent glances!

One evening I told my parents of the boy with the big boots, who came from the other end of the district; and my mother replied that Robert Brown must be the son of that Mr. Brown who lived at the turn of the road, two miles off; and who, by intemperance, kept his whole family in misery.

Mrs. Brown, my mother said, was an excellent woman, and was always mending and fixing up her children's clothing; trying, in her careful, anxious way, to make something of nothing; and often, too, succeeding surprisingly well.

Robert, she added, had an elder brother, who had gone to sea; and perhaps the big boots might be a pair which he had left at home. The family had lately lost a little girl, Robert's sister, and were in affliction every way; and she hoped that I would never show by word or look that I noticed the clumsy boots or the threadbare coat.

And now I remembered hearing Robert say to himself, sobbingly, one day when the big boys had treated him ill—

"O little Mamie! little Mamie! I am glad you can not know of it!"

One day, not long after the commencement of the school, two of the committee called upon some business with the teacher; and at recess, some of the boys maliciously remarked that they had observed these officials smiling at Robert's big boots, as he stood in his class or shuffled along the floor.

This was not true, but it had its effect. The idea that grown-up men could regard him with derision for his patched jacket and his poor, clumsy boots, seemed to impress him with a feeling more forlorn than aught else had done.

How many leaden thoughts fell on his young heart! He recalled his father, a drunkard; his mother, so careful, so sorrowful, worn with work, so tender of himself; his little sister, asleep under the new mound, where his own and his mother's hands placed, every week, sad mosses and circlets of the pretty creeping-jenny—for it was all that they now could do; and then, in the midst of all, how inexpressibly dreadful to his mind seemed the taunts which poverty brought upon him. The coat upon which his mother had sewed at night, hoping that it might answer; the boots that she had dreaded to ask him to wear; the coarse dinner that the boys had made fun of at noon, as he took it from his pail; he thought of all these things more bitterly than ever; and, suddenly, at that recess, he was missed from among his school-fellows.

I found him stretched at full length on the damp ground, out of sight of his tormentors; and when I knelt by his side, and put my arm tenderly about him, his sobs were violent. He cried long and bitterly—all the more for this sympathy, so precious, so unexpected.

Presently, a number of school-boy faces peered over the fence that had hidden us from the common view; but after a moment's watching, they slunk away in shame.

I soon perceived that my schoolmates were talking earnestly among themselves, and saw also that some of the faces I had thought so cruel wore a look of repentance and sorrow.

The teacher's bell sounded, and we all thronged into school—Robert Brown the last. How sad he looked! The master asked no questions; but he must previously have observed something of the condition of things; for when school was over at night, he put his arm about Robert's neck, and asked him to remain for a few moments. Robert held me by the hand, and asked that I might remain also.

Then, when we three were alone, he told, at the master's request, the story of his troubles. How simply and how frankly he spoke, and what unstudied pathos there was in his words! The schoolmaster's eyes were full of tears; and, in answering the poor little boy, his voice became choked, and more than once he left a sentence unfinished. As to myself, I could not help weeping outright.

The next day Robert was absent. He had taken cold during the few minutes in which he lay on the wet ground, and as the weather was now stormy, his mother had not ventured to send him.

His absence afforded the master an opportunity of talking to the other pupils in a way which he could hardly have done had the little boy with the big boots been present.

My schoolfellows, had, however, already begun to think—begun to put themselves in Robert's place, and imagine how they would feel if their mothers, who so loved them, were poor and careworn, and sat up at night, trying to make old things answer for their dear boys, hoping that the other boys would not notice the difference, or at least would not speak of it;—to consider how it would be if, when they came to school, all this anxiety and toil and love were mocked by unfeeling voices, and all the dear things of home were insulted, through a senseless derision, by those who had the good fortune to possess parents who could buy them new coats, new mittens, and new boots. There is almost every thing in thinking, and at last the boys thought.

Master Tanner spoke kindly to them on the subject. Though he could be stern at times, there was now not one atom of severity in his tones.

His heart had no room for anger; but, as he spoke, he became eloquent. It was a soft, winning kind of eloquence; and the most thoughtless boy in the school was affected to tears.

Whether or not Robert's mother knew what had transpired, I can not tell; but the succeeding day he came again, wearing the same boots and coat as before. But the boys saw them not, or saw them only to feel a heartache, and a newborn sympathy for the poor little fellow who would, not have worn them if he could have helped it. The tide of impulse had turned.

Nothing was overdone, but there was kindness of act and tone; and the big boys showed that they were doing what they could in a gentle, unobtrusive way, to make Robert forget that they had ever treated him ill.

The next day was Saturday, and there was no school. On Monday, Robert did not come, and we learned that he was ill with a fever. Tuesday was Christmas; and on the morning of that day, Mrs. Brown carried into the sick-room of her little boy a new pair of boots, and a complete suit of warm, handsome clothing, overcoat and all. Late on the previous evening, these articles had been left in her charge, to be a morning's surprise for the young patient.

That afternoon, a number of the school-boys called upon him, and I was of the party. The same boy who had tossed Robert's coat from its nail in the entry was one of us. Robert sat up in bed, and for a few moments, all his illness seemed to have departed. The new boots were where he could look at them constantly; the overcoat was also close to his hand, and so were all the other articles of the Christmas gift. The young visitors had seen all these things before Robert saw them, but they did not say so.

Oh, how unexpected had been such a token of sympathy! Nothing was said of the past; but the boys brought him nuts and sweetmeats, which, however, he must keep till he should be well; and they told him of a hundred things which he and they would do before the close of winter.

But the well day never came. He was very sick even then, and it was only the pleasant excitement, and the feeling that the old cause of sorrow had been all swallowed up in kindness, that made him appear momentarily better.

Only once after that I saw him alive; and the picture of his little pale face upon the pillow remains with me yet. His mother had placed the new boots where he could still see them, and the overcoat where he could touch it with his hand. When I entered, he rallied for a moment, and seemed almost well.

Putting his arm about me as I leaned over him, he said—

"I have seen little Mamie. She was here last night. I saw her just as she used to be. The school-boys—they didn't mean any harm, did they? only they didn't think. They like me now, and I like them."

And then he said something more of little Mamie, and something of getting well; but presently he seemed exhausted and partly lost. I cried softly to myself, for I could not help it.

The day following, we heard that he was no more. All the school-children were at the funeral. Master Tanner was there, too. The undertaker opened the little casket that held the dead, and we all came softly and looked down upon the white face.

Even the rudest of the boys wept aloud.

All the past came back—the scene with the overcoat in the entry, the jeers at the big boots, the distress of the poor boy as he flung himself upon the damp sward—all these things were remembered. And now, how pale and still he was! No wonder that the school-boys cried; no wonder that the master's face was wet with tears.

It was, as I have said, more than forty years ago; but in an old burial-ground, not far away, I could point out to my readers a small white stone, with Robert's name and age, and by its side another stone, inscribed to "Little Mamie." They were placed there by Robert's sailor brother, who, the same winter, returned from a long sea-voyage.

How often I look at these small memorials, and go back in spirit to the old school-house and that bleak November day, when the poor threadbare overcoat was flung contemptuously from its nail, and little Robert, in his ill-fitting boots, went, with a heart full of bitter distress, to pick up and replace that which he knew his mother had taken such care to brush and mend.

O dear little boy! how long the scene has been over—the cruelty, the heartache, the tears! But a lesson was learned at this winter term of the country school which reached away down into the lives of all the surviving actors in that small drama of the past.—*Youth's Companion.*

An Address Before the Limekiln Club.

As soon as the meeting was fairly under way Brother Gardner announced that Judge Affidavy Martin, late of Alabama, but now traveling in the North as the agent of a patent fish-hook, was present and desired to address the club. It was voted to hear the address, and after being received in due form and introduced, the Judge stood upon the platform and began:

"We mus' not look in de past fur our fucher. No man kin tell what de nex' hun'erd y'ars will bring fo'th by lookin' ober de fence of ole graveyards. What am our fucher? Who kin tell what dis nashun will amount to if it keeps on in de way it hez begun? If any one had told you twenty years ago dat to-night I would stan' befo' you wid a paper collah on my neck, you would have set him down as an assassin, yet de march of improvement has accomplished eben more dan dat. Fur de sum of fifty cents you kin have a brass watch-chain fixed up so nigh like gold dat you kin work it in on a hoss trade for fifty dollars. Ef any body had told George Washington dat de day would come when shirts would button behind, what would dat great man have said? Dis kentry am a mighty clock. Ebery time de pend'lum swings a child am bo'n. Ebery time de minit hand takes a jump some body comes to the front wid a new sort o' stomach bitters or an improved rat-trap. Ebery hour ticked off am a mile o' railroad built, a bridge laid down, a hill leveled or a forest cleared. Such of us as kin remember back a hun'erd y'ars realize de change more dan de young folks. Sich of us as lib a hun'erd y'ars in de fuchur will not be surprised to see jugs wid free handles, coffee-pots dat shet up like a jack-knife, rat-traps dat illuminate de house, an' rockin'-cha'rs dat sail aroun' on wheels."

The speaker closed amidst cheers and applause, and for the remainder of the evening was given the seat of honor under the Bear-trap.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Light from Oyster Shells.

It has long been known that certain compounds of lime and sulphur had the property of absorbing light, and giving it out again when placed in the dark. A simple way to do this is to expose clean oyster-shells to a red heat for half an hour. When cold, the best pieces are picked out and packed with alternate layers of sulphur in a crucible, and exposed to a red heat for an hour. When cold, the mass is broken up and the whitest pieces are placed in a clean glass bottle. On exposing the bottle to bright sunshine during the day, it is found that at night its contents will give out a pale light in the dark. Such a bottle filled more than a hundred years ago still gives out light when exposed to the sun, proving the persistency of the property of reproducing light. Very many experiments have been more recently made in this direction, and the light-giving property greatly enhanced. The chemicals, ground to flour, may now be mixed with oils or water for paints, may be powdered on hot glass covered with a film of clear glass, or mixed with a celluloid, papier-mache, or other plastic materials. As a paint, it may be applied to a diver's dress, to cards, clock-dials, sign-boards and other surfaces exposed to sunlight during the day; the paint gives out a pale violet light at night sufficient to enable the objects to be readily seen in the dark. If the object covered with the prepared paint is not exposed to the sun, or if the light fades in the dark, a short piece of magnesium wire burned before it serves to restore the light-giving property. The preparation, under various fanciful names, is about to be made upon a commercial scale.—*Scribner.*

—The Scotch are famous for their thrifty habits, and the Duke of Argyll is the thriftiest Scotchman of them all. He inherited from his uncle an estate so hampered with jointures and debts that he was the poorest Duke in Great Britain, but by saving and sparing and living quietly he now enjoys a fine income, and lays away a good part of it. His experience has taught him the value of money, and he has placed one of his sons in Coutt's banking house; another married a Manchester lady of wealth, and is in a stock-broking house which does a good deal of business for the Rothschilds; his eldest son married a royal princess with a dowry of one hundred and fifty thousand and an allowance from Parliament of thirty thousand a year; another son is in Parliament; another in the navy; a daughter is married to the Duke of Northumberland, with over a million a year; and the Duke himself draws an amount of public pay sufficient to cover the expenses of his Kensington house.

The Baltimore *American* says that the young ladies of the Normal School in that city a short time since sensibly discarded frizzes and puffs, etc., but soon became tired of the change and have resumed wearing them.

HOME AND FARM.

Paint splashes upon window-glass can be easily removed by a strong solution of soda.

In making any sauce put the butter and flour in together, and your sauce will never be lumpy.

To keep bread moist: For hop yeast bread add when sponging the bread two large spoonfuls of finely mashed potato for each ordinary sized loaf.

A certain cure for a felon is to wind a cloth loosely about the finger, leaving the end free. Pour in common gunpowder till the afflicted part is entirely covered. Keep the whole wet with strong spirits of camphor.

A lump of bread about the size of a billiard ball, tied up in a linen bag, and placed in the pot in which greens are boiling will absorb the gases which sometimes send such an unpleasant odor to the regions above.

If hens get into the habit of eating eggs, take enough of bran and corn-meal of equal parts, for one feeding, and enough vinegar warmed to make the meal wet enough for the hens to eat. Mix together and feed it to the hens.

Tea Rolls.—One quart of flour, one teaspoonful of saleratus, two teaspoonfuls of cream-tartar; moisten with milk or water as you would biscuits; roll to one-half inch in thickness; spread with butter; sprinkle sugar and roll it up as you would jelly-cake; cut the slices one inch thick, and bake.

Meat Salad.—Cut some cold meat into neat slices, brush them over with oil, season with salt and pepper to taste, sprinkle a little vinegar over, and dispose them on a dish, upon a foundation of lettuce dressed with Mayonaise, and ornamented with hard-boiled eggs, beets and little pickles. A nice salad for luncheon.

Salt is recommended for hens which pull out and eat their feathers. Give, twice a week, a little salt pork chopped fine and mixed with the food; or put a tablespoonful of salt in two quarts of meal, moisten with water, and feed once or twice a week.

Bean Pickles.—These are delicate and very tempting, yet easily made. Procure your beans, wash and boil them in slightly salted water till tender; drain through a collander or sieve, then dry them with a cloth. Pour boiling vinegar, spiced to the taste, over them; repeat this two or three days, or till they are green.

Troy Rolls.—One pint of milk, one-half cup of butter, one-quarter cake of compressed yeast, two quarts of flour. Heat the milk and butter until the butter is melted; add the yeast, pour the mixture in the middle of the flour, stir a little. If mixed at nine a. m., mold at one p. m., without adding any more flour. Four hours later, or one before baking, mold into rolls. Bake twenty minutes.

Water the Fowls.—There is no more fruitful source of cholera and other poultry diseases than water that has become stagnant or heated. Endeavor to have some kind of a trough or earthen vessel in a shady place, and fill it with fresh water twice or three times a day. The drinking-cups of hens with broods of chickens will need special attention, as being shallow they are quickly emptied.

To Make Japanese Cement.—Mix the best powdered rice with a little cold water; then gradually add boiling water till a proper consistency is acquired, being careful to keep it well stirred all the time; lastly, it must be boiled for one minute in a clean saucepan. This paste is beautifully white, almost transparent, and well adapted for fancy paper work, or other things requiring a strong and colorless cement.

Mending with Plaster.—If the wall cracks in any part of the house, get five cents' worth of dry plaster of Paris, wet with cold water and rub into the cracks with your fingers; rub till it is smooth. Nail-holes in the wall may be filled in the same way. If the top of the lamp becomes loose, take it off, wash it with soap and water, wash the glass also, to remove all grease; then spread the wet plaster around the glass, put the brass top on quickly, before the plaster has time to harden; let it stand till quite firm and it will be ready for use. Kerosene oil softens the plaster, and therefore lamps should not be filled quite full.

Rice and Apple Souffle.—Boil two tablespoonfuls of rice in half a pint of milk; add, when soft, the yelks of two eggs, and sugar to taste; make a wall with it around the sides of the dish. Stew some pared and cored apples until soft, fill the center of the dish with them, fill up the apertures in the apples with candied sweetmeats or jelly, and cover the whole with the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and sprinkled thick with white powdered sugar. Brown in the oven, and serve with cream.

That often fatal disease, chicken-cholera, usually prevails during the summer. The Lancaster *Farmer* says that it is often caused by feeding too much whole corn when the fowls are deprived of coarse sand or gravel. Damp, musty corn, gases from manure piles and stagnant water to drink, will sooner or later produce it. Proper attention to fowls would not only remedy this disease, but others equally fatal, which neglect and inattention produce.

The ground pepper one buys at the best of grocers, though it may be unadulterated, has been probably in stock for months. To eat pepper in perfection it should be ground a few moments before using. There are to be found at very old-fashioned houses in Europe a small pepper-mill, sometimes dating back from the seventeenth century, which antiquated machine is still in use. Instead of using the pepper-castor the pepper is ground as it is wanted. For seasoning a dish, or for perfecting a salad, the delicate aroma which freshly-ground pepper gives, when once tried, will convince the most unimpassioned diner of the great difference between a fresh and a stale condiment.

Cultivation in Hot, Dry Weather.

The stirring of the soil in the dryest, hottest weather is very useful. One may readily perceive this on an examination, in very dry weather, of the soil of a garden or field which has been frequently stirred and that under a sod or on a road. The former will be found moist, from the surface downward, while the latter will be hard and perfectly dry. On the return of wet weather the condition of the cultivated soil is favorable to the immediate absorption of the rain, while the hard soil by its dryness and hardness repels the water, which flows over and away from it without moistening it. This is a fact that may be studied with advantage, for one never learns any thing so well and remembers it so permanently as when he has personally investigated and seen it for himself.

THE DAIRY.

A cubic foot of water weighs 1,000 ounces; a cubic foot of milk weighs 847 ounces, and a foot of cream 780 ounces.

An old dairyman recommends having a faucet in the bottom of the cream-jar, so as to draw off the watery portion of the cream without disturbing the rest, as it is this watery portion which becomes bitter, and imparts a bitter taste to the butter.

Dairy Butter.—It may then be asked, what is defective in the methods usual on these farms where the grass is the sweetest, the freshest and the most abundant; where the water is the purest and where the crystal springs are the coldest; where, in fact, nature has done her part to the fullest? I should answer that the sole trouble is want of cleanliness; first, in milking, in which sufficient care is not used to clean the cows or the milker's hands; then in the management of the spring houses, where ventilation is scarcely thought of; then in freeing the butter from the buttermilk; after that in using poor salt—again a want of cleanliness, for impure salt is unclean—lastly, in packing and storing the butter. It is a seasonable thing for makers of dairy butter to ponder over these points, and see wherein they offend against this one needful virtue in dairying, perfect and entire cleanliness; to get rid of imperfect methods, and to practice only those which are perfect; to study over their system, in fact, and find out for themselves their defects.—*Cor. Cleveland Herald.*

An old farmer in the New York *Tribune* says: "A dairyman, speaking lately of the very best kind of hay for feeding his cows during the winter, places them according to their value in the following order: Red clover rowen, clover hay, fine English hay, herd'sgrass. These should be cut as soon as the earliest heads begin to blossom. I wonder he does not mention timothy and orchard grass; for if sowed thick and cut just before flowering they make excellent hay for milch cows as well as sheep. By herd'sgrass I suppose redtop is meant, as it bears the former name in some localities. But there are two other grasses better than either of the above to produce choice butter and to fatten stock rapidly, and these are June or blue grass and white clover. The late Mr. Clift, one of the best farmers in Putnam County, New York, paid particular attention to these two latter grasses for hay, considering that their mixture half and half, making up a ton of hay, was worth for butter and to fatten animals thrice that of most other hay; and although these did not produce over a third as great a weight per acre as timothy, still they were the most profitable to grow on suitable lands, and there were the additional considerations of less storage-room required and less labor in handling.

Butter Packages.

Just now, when a large quantity of butter is being put down for sale in the fall, it is worth while to consider a little about packages. In some dairies the old tubs of last year which have been kept in dark cellars where the atmosphere is full of mildew and mold spores, or in outhouses where rubbish or various kinds is stored, will be overhauled, scrubbed up and brought again into requisition. It ought to be needless to say that it is ruinous to good butter to pack it into such receptacles; and that many a well deserved reputation is lost by the commission of such a mistaken economy. If every old butter package were consigned to the wood pile or kept for soft-soap tubs, there would be considerably less grease butter in the market to offend the nostrils of buyers and consumers. For a tainted package can never be restored to purity. The pores of the wood are filled with infectious matter, with germs of decay, which need only the fresh soil of a new packing, to spread and flourish in it, with amazing luxuriance. It is like the new wine and the new bottles of the parable. No man putteth new butter into old tubs, else the butter is ruined, but put new butter into new packages and both are preserved. It cannot be too forcibly impressed upon dairymen that the package makes or mars the butter. A new, handsome, perfectly sweet package may cost one cent a pound for the butter it contains. The dairyman can well afford this expense for in reality the package will cost him nothing as it will add all its cost to the value of the butter.

Just here a suggestion may be made to the manufacturers of butter packages. It is this, all the timber used for this purpose should be steamed, if possible, under pressure. This fixes the albumen of the woody fiber and renders it thereafter insoluble. It removes the peculiar odors of some timber; it dissolves the sap and centralizes the acids contained in it, and in other ways greatly improves the quality of the package. It also prevents the swelling and shrinking to a great extent when the pails or tubs are in use, and this in itself is worth considering. Finally, we present this matter to dairymen as one that is worth thinking about and to the trade as one that may very well be made a matter on which advice may be given to their friends, both as regards the quality and the uniformity in size and shape of the packages used by them.
—*American Dairyman.*

Feeding Sour Milk to Cows.

Some maintain that feeding sour milk to cows affects their butter injuriously; but we never made sweeter or nicer butter than we have been turning out this spring when feeding sour milk to the cows from whose milk it was made. Last spring we did not feed it; but gave each sixteen pounds of hay and three quarts of oats and corn—cob taken out—ground together, and then the average yield of milk per cow was from thirteen to fourteen pounds per day. This spring we have been feeding the same amount of hay, two quarts of oats and corn ground together—cob again taken out—two quarts of wheat bran and the sour milk from the herd, and the average yield of each per day has been from twenty-one to twenty-two pounds of milk—an increase of over one-third. The cows are the same as last spring, with the addition of two others—one a cow we bought and which is thought no better than the rest, and the other a two-year-old heifer which gives from twenty-five to twenty-seven pounds of milk per day now. I don't expect the feeding of sour milk will make so much difference during the latter part of May, June and July, but, after that, I expect as great a difference as now. It is estimated that by using sour milk in this way, one cow more can be kept for every ten in the herd; but on this point I cannot speak definitely. We take our milk to a creamery, so there is no guess-work with regard to the weight.—*G. E. Nichols, in Rural New Yorker.*

—Large broods of wild turkeys are noticed along the eastern slope of the Alleghenies.

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